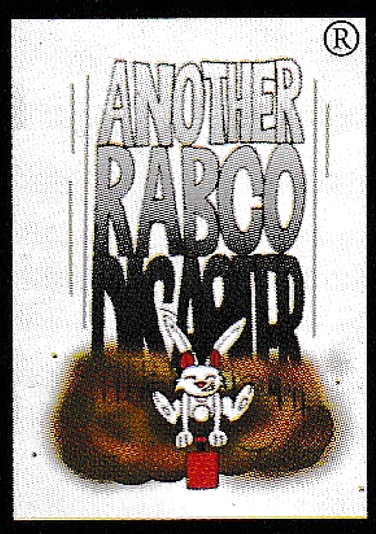


issue 7
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ADULTS ONLY

Spooo presents

THE ADVENTURES OF

QUEERMAN

spooo presents issue 7

the adventures of queerman part one

by chris mckinley

series editor kurst

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chief bunny & editor sean rabbitt

crafty marketing fox andrew rabbitt

A Very Special "From the Editor's Desk"

IS IT "CANON" OR "CANNON"?

Oh, no, no, no, NO, he didn't...

First rule of dealing with Chris McKinley: if he says he's going to do something twisted, believe him. You may doubt and you may forget anything was ever said (especially when you're a grumpy old curmudgeon slowly losing his mind), but sooner or later the day of reckoning will come. And you will hear the voice saying, "I made QueerMan into a comic!"

Okay, let's get the Most Likely Question out of the way right away. No, this is not canonical for the "Associated Student Bodies" world. This one is entirely of Chris' demented imaginings and efforts. They do not have superheroes or supervillains. They have to make do with the more ordinary, distinctly mortal kind of hero... the kinds who actually risk life and limb for the sake of others. What we have here is one of Timmy's elaborate effectiveness-fantasies, the kind of escapism in which people who do not feel completely in charge of their lives sometimes engage.

Which is to say, all of us.

There may be a few among you prepared to dismiss superhero-fantasies as a sign of weakness or inability to face life. This could not be farther from the truth. When you feel sufficiently strongly about something to dream about it, to envision yourself making a difference, to wonder what it would be like to exceed what you think you can be, this fantasy becomes a small part of you. It raises the possibility that maybe, just maybe, you could do something heroic. In a way, you are preparing yourself for an event which just might happen, and the seeds of courage your fantasies sow may grow and remain quiet... until that awful moment which life could someday throw at you. Just for a few seconds, someone really **will** need a hero, and all those fantasies within you will all awaken at once, and you will save a life that otherwise might have been lost.

You **can** be that hero.

And if those fantasies also involve underwear about three sizes too small and villains who truly are worthy of the title, that's just fine. When the flames reach to the ceiling, when the mugger decides there can be no witnesses, when the man with the suicide-belt decides *today* is the day, I would much rather be depending upon someone who has dreamed these dreams than never dreamed at all.

Now if you'll excuse me, I have a rescue-fantasy to get back to. Okay, the robbers have the hostages all tied up, especially the one in those snug cutoffs... the moment comes, and I swing into action, bringing justice to those who would *dare* victimize an innocent adult bookstore... as I leap from the all-concealing shadows of the gay comic book section the whispered words "my hero" follow me into the fray...

— Lance Rund - Creator/Writer/Damsel In Distress,
Associated Student Bodies

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THERE ARE A THOUSAND STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY...

...MY NAKED CITY.

THESE STREETS ARE FULL OF HOT, PULSING LIFE, AND I'M RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT.

BUT I'M NOT YOUR STANDARD EVERYDAY CRIME-FIGHTING CAPED HERO, FIGHTING STANDARD EVERYDAY CRIME.

I LEAVE THAT JOB IN *OTHER* CAPABLE HANDS.

I'M **QUEERMAN**.

I LOOK OUT FOR MY FELLOW FAIRIES. ...AND I METE OUT MY OWN *SPECIAL* BRAND OF JUSTICE.

FAGGOT!

I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY, *FAG!*

YOU'RE THE FAGGOT!

I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU AND YOUR FAGGOTRY!

SUCK LEAD, FAGPIPE!

SMASH!

HOLY FUCK!

WOBBLE

WOBBLE

THAT'S WHAT YOU'D CALL IT IF YOU EVER *GOT* IT, HONEY!

I COME TO *RIGHT* THAT WHICH IS *WRONG* - WRONG WITH YOUR FILTHY *HOMOPHOBIC MOUTHS!*

NEVER WILL TRUE HARMONY REIGN OVER THIS CITY UNTIL THE INJUSTICE IS *PURGED* FROM THE MINDS OF ALL!

DUDE...

WE'RE JUST PLAYING *KRIEGENSTRIKE.*

SILENCE, INSENSITIVE TROLLS!

YOU NEED A TASTE OF *QUEER JUSTICE!*

... BUT ...

I'M GAY.

BUKKAKE BLASTER

GLOSS

TAKE *THAT*, VILE FIENDS!

MY WRATH SHALL BE FELT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT UNTIL NEVER AGAIN IS HEARD A HOMOPHOBIC WORD!

BE GOOD, SWEETIES!

SQUIPT!

DUDE. I'M TOTALLY OKAY WITH IT.


THUS IS THE CITY DEFENDED BY NIGHT. BY DAY, IT HAS TO FEND FOR ITSELF...
FOR LITTLE DOES ANYONE SUSPECT THAT *QUEERMAN,* TIRELESS DEFENDER OF FRUITS' JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN FEY...
...IS IN ACTUALITY MILD-MANNERED *TIMOTHY MONTGOMERY,*
LELAND UNIVERSITY JUNIOR AND UNASSUMING RESIDENT OF HILLARD EAST DORM.
LANCE
NO, HE IS *NOT!*
THE ADVENTURES OF
QUEERMAN
STORY / ART / LETTERING - CHRIS MCKINLEY
BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY LANCE RUND
LOOSELY
C'MON, DEVON! HOW WILL YOU EVER KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE UNLESS YOU LET YOURSELF *EXPERIMENT* A LITTLE?

WELL, LOOK - SEE, I'M NOT EXACTLY "OUT" YET, AND I'M JUST COMING OFF A LONG-TERM RELATIONSHIP, SO I'M ALL VULNERABLE AND MY JUDGMENT SUCKS, SO...

WELL, THAT'S GREAT! I ***LOVE*** REBOUND GUYS. WE'LL HEAD TO MY ROOM, YOU'LL TELL ME ALL ABOUT HOW MUCH YOU HATE HIM, YOU'LL REMINISCE ABOUT HOW GREAT THE SEX USED TO BE, WE'LL GET HORNY -

HEY, C'MON... I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GUY.

AND I LIKE TO THINK THAT WHOEVER I DATE WOULDN'T BE EITHER.

OKAY, OKAY... NAH, I'M JUST TEASING.

I PROMISE: I CAN BE A ONE-MAN GUY - SCOUT'S HONOR!

HEY, ***TIMMY*** - WAIT UP!

THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF

SAY, ANY CHANCE WE COULD GET TOGETHER AGAIN SOMETIME SOON? THE OTHER NIGHT WAS JUST ***UNBELIEVABLE.***

UH... WELL...

THAT "QUEERMAN" COSTUME OF YOURS IS JUST GREAT! HEY - I KNOW: THIS TIME I'LL BE ***"THE MASKED CUMSLINGER."*** HOW ABOUT THAT?

HEE HEE - I ***LOVE*** ROLE-PLAYING!

SCHWING

SCHWING

HEH. YEAH... ***ROLE-PLAYING...***

HEY, WAIT!

AWW - ***AWWW!***

THIS GAG RUNNETH OVER

IT'S RAINING MEN, HALLELUJAH

IT'S RAINING MEN...

ZOUNDS!

A MESSAGE FROM THE *MASTER BASE!*

I'M GONNA GO OUT AND LET MYSELF GET ABSOLUTELY SOAKING WET...

BLEEP

YOU KNOW, *MOST* PEOPLE WOULD JUST USE *CELL PHONES* FOR THIS SORT OF THING...

CONDOMUNICATOR™

INDEED, TIMMY - BUT WE HAVE OUR STANDARDS OF UNNECESSARILY RIDICULOUS STYLE TO UPHOLD.

YOUR MAJESTY, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT...

DON'T CALL ME TIMMY!!!

UH...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

OH, YOU BOYS LIKE SPEARMINT TOO?

SLUUUUURP

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

EW. NEVER MIND...

SORRY ABOUT THAT, YOUR MAJESTY.

WE WILL LET IT SLIDE THIS TIME, AGENT.

WE HAVE A SITUATION AFOOT.

WE'VE RECEIVED WORD THAT A MADMAN IS ON THE LOOSE. WE DON'T HAVE MANY DETAILS YET, BUT WE HAVE THIS FOOTAGE OF THE SUSPECT STANDING ON A ROOFTOP NEXT TO A BIG GUN AND LAUGHING MANIACALLY.

MWA HA HA HA HA HA HAAHH!

NATURALLY THIS MEANS THE CITY'S ONLY HOPE IS A MASKED HERO WITH AN ARSENAL OF WEAPONS THAT ALL SHOOT STICKY WHITE GLOP.

OF ***COURSE.*** IT ALL MAKES ***PERFECT SENSE!***

OH, ONE MORE THING...

APPARENTLY THE SUSPECT HAS JUST TAKEN A HOSTAGE... ONE ***DEVON BENNETT,*** A STUDENT AT YOUR VERY UNIVERSITY.

CONDOMUNICA

WHAT? BUT HE WAS RIGHT OVER...

AAAHH! HEY! GET AWAY FROM ME! PUT ME DOWN!

ALSO THOSE TWO JOCKS YOU WERE JUST TALKING TO.

I'M ON IT, YOUR MAJESTY.

BLEEP

THIS SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR...

SLAM!

RUSTLE RUSTLE

THUMP

FUCK!

NO GODDAMN LIGHT IN HERE...

FUMBLE

WHUMP!

STUMBLE

PANT PANT

QUEERMAN!

BAM!

YES, **QUEERMAN!**

FASTER THAN A DRUNK FRAT-BOY ON HOMECOMING NIGHT!

UUHHH...
UUHHH...
UUHHH!!

...SORRY, BABY.

LOSER.

MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE GOING INTO A TIGHT LITTLE TUNNEL!

UH...

ABLE TO HUMP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE POUND!

OKAY, SO THE NARRATOR WAS A BAD IDEA. SHUT UP.

...AND SINCE WHEN CAN I *FLY*, ANYWAY?

AAAAAAAUUUUGGHHHHH!!

CRASH!

AAHH HA HA HA HAAA!

WELL, I GUESS THIS IS THE PLACE...

FAT LOT OF GOOD *I* CAN DO AGAINST A REAL *SUPERVILLAIN*, THOUGH.

WHAT'S THIS GUY GOT TO DO WITH *ME*, ANYWAY?

I MEAN, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE SAVING THE CITY FROM PRUDITY AND BAD FASHION SENSE, NOT GIANT FREAKS WITH RAY-GUNS.

COULDN'T THEY GET SOMEONE ELSE TO...

...OH.

BWAAAAHH HA HA HAA HAAAH HA HAA HA HA HA HA HA HAAH!!

OF COURSE...
ASS TITAN.

THE MOST ANAL-RETENTIVE VILLAIN OF THEM ALL.

AH, QUEERMAN!

WELCOME... TO MY ROOFTOP OF REBAUCHERY!

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

YOUR WHAT?

YOU'LL UNDERSTAND SOON ENOUGH. FOR BEHOLD MY INVENTION: THE SEAL BEAM!

...OKAY, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO EXPLAIN THAT ONE TO ME.

AND HURRY UP. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DOING A PAPER ON HOMOEROTICISM IN THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

THE SEAL BEAM CAN BE AIMED ANYWHERE IN THE WHOLE CITY.

WITH IT I CAN SEAL SHUT THE ***ORIFICE*** OF ANYONE IT HITS - THUS MAKING ANAL SEX ***IMPOSSIBLE!***

IT WORKS ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS THOSE MEDICAL DEVICES FROM ***STAR TREK.*** PRETTY COOL, HUH?

YEAH, AND THAT GAG WORKS ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS AN OLD ***SCOTT ADAMS*** JOKE. YEAH, YOU'RE ***REAL*** ORIGINAL.

AW, C'MON... AT LEAST MY ***NAME*** IS GOOD, RIGHT?

"ASS TITAN"?

YEAH, THAT ***IS*** PRETTY GOOD.

HEE HEE...

VINDICATION IS MINE!!!

OH, AND I ALMOST FORGOT...

I KIDNAPPED THESE THREE... TO USE AS ***TEST SUBJECTS.***

I KNEW THAT YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE CAPABLE OF STOPPING ME COMPLETING MY EVIL PLOT - OR WHO WOULD ***WANT*** TO...

SO I HAD TO LURE YOU HERE WITH THE THREAT OF WELDING SHUT THE ASS OF ANYONE WHOSE ***PANTS*** YOU WERE TRYING TO GET INTO!

YOU ***FIEND!***

BUT - WAIT! I WASN'T TRYING TO ***HIT ON*** THOSE TWO JOCKS! I WAS TRYING TO -

...AW, ***SCREW IT!*** THIS IS THE MOST ***RIDICULOUS*** PREMISE EVER! HOW COULD THIS SCHEME ***POSSIBLY*** BENEFIT YOU?

ALL RIGHT THEN...

IMAGINE WHAT THE ***FATHERS*** OF THIS FAIR CITY WOULD ***PAY*** FOR ***RELIEF*** ONCE THEIR ***ASSES*** WERE SEALED SHUT?

YOU PLAN TO EXTORT MONEY BY MAKING ***POLITICIANS'*** ASSES EVEN ***TIGHTER?***

HMM... WHEN YOU PUT IT ***THAT*** WAY...

...I'M ***STILL*** GONNA DO IT!

HA HA HA HA HAAAH!

YOU'VE GOT AN UNHEALTHY OBSESSION WITH ***ASSES,*** BUDDY.

I DUNNO... SEEMS A LITTLE BIT ***FRUITY*** TO ME.

MMMPH!

MMMMPH!!!

OH, SURE, FINE. AHEM:

SOON ALL THOSE IN THIS BENIGHTED BURG WHO MOCKED MY PLANS AND SPURNED MY DEMANDS SHALL RUE THEIR FOOLISHNESS!

OH YEAH - I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THOSE GUYS.

MIND IF I *UNTIE* THEM WHILE YOU'RE MAKING YOUR *AIRTIGHT* CASE?

THEY ALL *LAUGHED* WHEN I TOLD THEM OF MY GRAND SCHEME - BUT THEY SHALL LAUGH NO MORE, WHEN I - *WHAT?!*

NO!!!

SMACK!

NOW CUT THAT OUT! YOU BROKE MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT!

I NEED THESE GUYS TO TEST MY *RAY* ON!

OH YEAH? I'VE GOT A *TEST* FOR YOUR *RAYON:*

LET'S SEE HOW WELL IT RESISTS *SPOOGE STAINS!*

TIME TO COMMIT SOME SPERMICIDE!

WRREEEEEE

SPLURBPT!

SSHHZZRT

THPAFF!

ZZZANG!

FOOL! THAT'S NOT A PROPER USE OF THE WORD "SPERMICIDE"!

ZZZRRAP

OW!

BITCH!

FORTUNATELY I'VE GOT MORE THAN ONE WAY TO *GUM UP* YOUR *PIPES*, *ASS TITAN!*

ZWIP

SPLURPBLT

SAY HELLO TO THE *SPOOGE SOAKER!*

I'LL ONLY GET ONE SHOT BEFORE I HAVE TO PUMP IT UP AGAIN, BUT...

PUFFF

=GASP=

OH *NO* YOU *DI-INT!*

WELL THEN, LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE *PROTEIN PASTE PISTOL!* OR THE *MAN-CREAM CANNON!*

SWIPTH

WHERE THE HELL DO YOU KEEP *GETTING* THOSE THINGS?

YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW!

BAT!

WELL THEN...

I'LL HAVE TO BRING OUT THE *BIG GUN...*

HAH!

NOW YOU'RE *FULLY DISARMED!*

SNIK!


KER-P


ENIS!

SKZZRKT

SKZZRKT

SKZZRKT

SKZZRKT

MMMPH! MMMPH!!

HANG ON... I GOTTA TAKE CARE OF SOMETHING.

IT'S RAINING MEN, HALLELUJAH...

NOT NOW!

WHAT? WHAT?!

CONDOMUNICAT

AGENT! HE'S MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU THINK. YOU'LL NEVER BEAT HIM THIS WAY - MERE SPOOGE WILL DETER HIM NOT AT ALL!

SABOTAGE!

BUT...

YOU NEED TO REACH FOR SOMETHING DEEPER! YOU MUST IGNITE THE FLAME THAT BURNS WITHIN!

OKAY, BUT I -

AAAHHH!

=GASP=

WHAT THE HELL, MAN? I CAN'T JUST BUY ANOTHER ONE OF THESE THINGS!

THAT DOES IT...

RRRRRRRRIIIP!

FLAME ON!

NOW WHY DON'T YOU TRY *THIS* ON FOR SIZE...

VREI SA PLECI DAR NU MA, NU MA IEI, NU MA, NU MA IEI,

NU MA, NU MA, NU MA IEI. CHIPUL TAU SI DRAGOSTEA DIN TEI, MI-AMINTESC DE OCHII TAI ...

GAAAHH! *IT'S HORRIBLE! I CAN'T BEAR IT!*

I'LL GIVE YOU A BLAST OF THE *SEAL BEAM!*

THAT'S THE *ONLY* SUITABLE MEANS FOR DEALING WITH SUCH A *REVOLTING* SIGHT!

SKREEEEEEE

UH... OKAY, SO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? WHAT'S THE REST OF THE PLAN?

FRANKLY, THIS ISN'T *EXACTLY* WHAT WE HAD IN MIND...

WELL, YOU *COULD* HAVE BEEN A *LITTLE* MORE SPECIFIC!

WHIRRRRRRR

IT'S OVER, QUEERMAN - YOU'RE *TRAPPED!*

NOW SAY GOODBYE TO THE *ONE RING* IN THE *CRACK OF DOOM!*

ZZZZZRRRRRRT!

VOTE FOR

FIZZZZ

KRRRACKLE

BZZZRRT!

SKKRRRRRZOT!

HHHHHHHHHH...

UNNNNNNNHHHH...

MMMMMMMPH!

MMMMMMMPH!!!

LATER...

WELL, THE BEAM SURE SHUT HIM UP GOOD... BUT I GUESS HE WAS TOO ***UPTIGHT*** FOR IT TO DO ANYTHING TO HIS ***ASS.***

=SOB=

I BET HE'S GONNA JUST ***LOVE*** PRISON.

I REALLY OWE YOU ONE. THAT WAS SOME REAL QUICK WORK, THERE.

AW, IT WAS NOTHING. BESIDES, YOU CAME TO SAVE US. I REALLY UNDERESTIMATED YOU.

PLUS I'M A SUCKER FOR GETTING ROMANTICALLY RESCUED BY A HERO...

WELL THEN -

YOU KNOW WHAT THE HERO ***ALWAYS*** GETS...

SMOOOOOOOCH!

HHOOOOOOSH

AND ONCE AGAIN, THE CITY'S MIGHTY DEFENDER HAS RENDERED IT SAFE FOR GAYS AND STRAIGHTS ALIKE.

FOR WHEREVER THERE'S A YOUNG MAN UNSURE OF HIS SEXUALITY WHOSE INNOCENCE NEEDS TO BE EXPLOITED - ***HE'LL BE THERE!***

WHEREVER THERE'S A SUPERVILLAIN WHOSE EVIL PLAN INVOLVES FUCKING THE WORLD IN THE ASS - ***HE'LL BE THERE!***

WHEREVER THERE'S AN INNUENDO-LADEN COMIC-BOOK CLICHÉ LEFT UNREFERENCED - ***HE'LL BE THERE!***

HEH...
INN-U-ENDO.

EPILOGUE

HEE HEE HEE...

HE ONLY SHOT ME A LITTLE - I FEEL LIKE A VIRGIN AGAIN!

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT...

YOU WANNA BE...?

UH, WHICH-EVER YOU...

MMMM...

THAT'S IT...

CRACK! SHATTER

TINKLE TINKLE

BRZZRT

BRZAP!

UH... I THINK THIS CONDOM BROKE.

AW, CRAP...

AGENT!!!

AAAAAAAHHHH!

ITS OVER!



CHRIS MCKINLEY'S

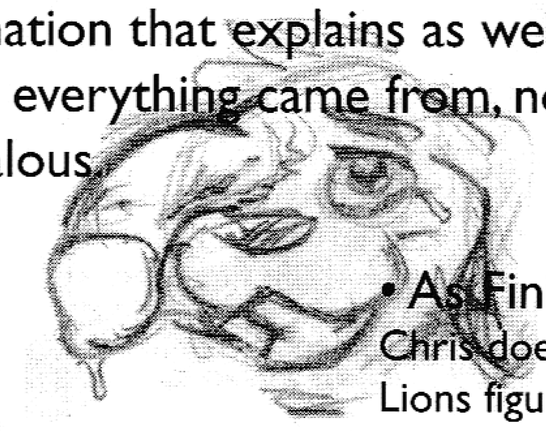
Sketchy Reputation

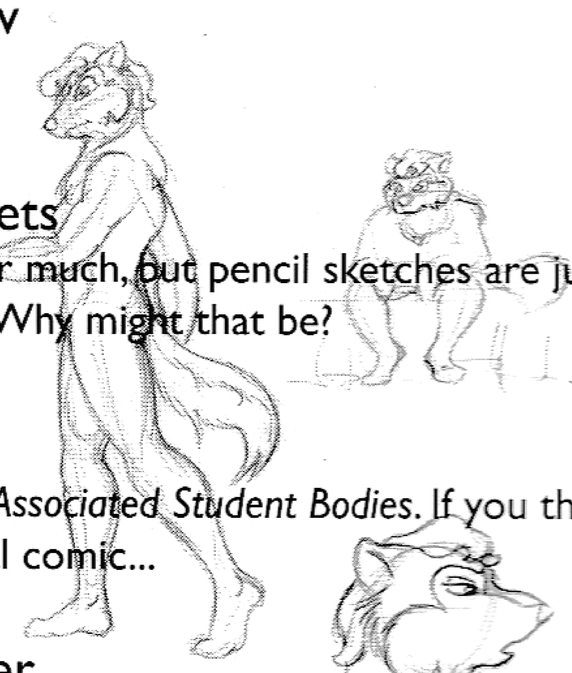




Adults Only

An extensive CD packed full of all the stuff Chris has doodled into his sketchbooks over the years, even the really embarrassing stuff from when he was just starting out. It's all annotated, too, with detailed background information that explains as well as possible where everything came from, no matter how scandalous.







- As Finished as It Gets

Chris doesn't ink or color much, but pencil sketches are just as good. Honest! Lions figure prominently. Why might that be?

- ASB Sketches

Developmental art from *Associated Student Bodies*. If you think Marcus' hair looked weird in the actual comic...

- Sketchbook Sampler

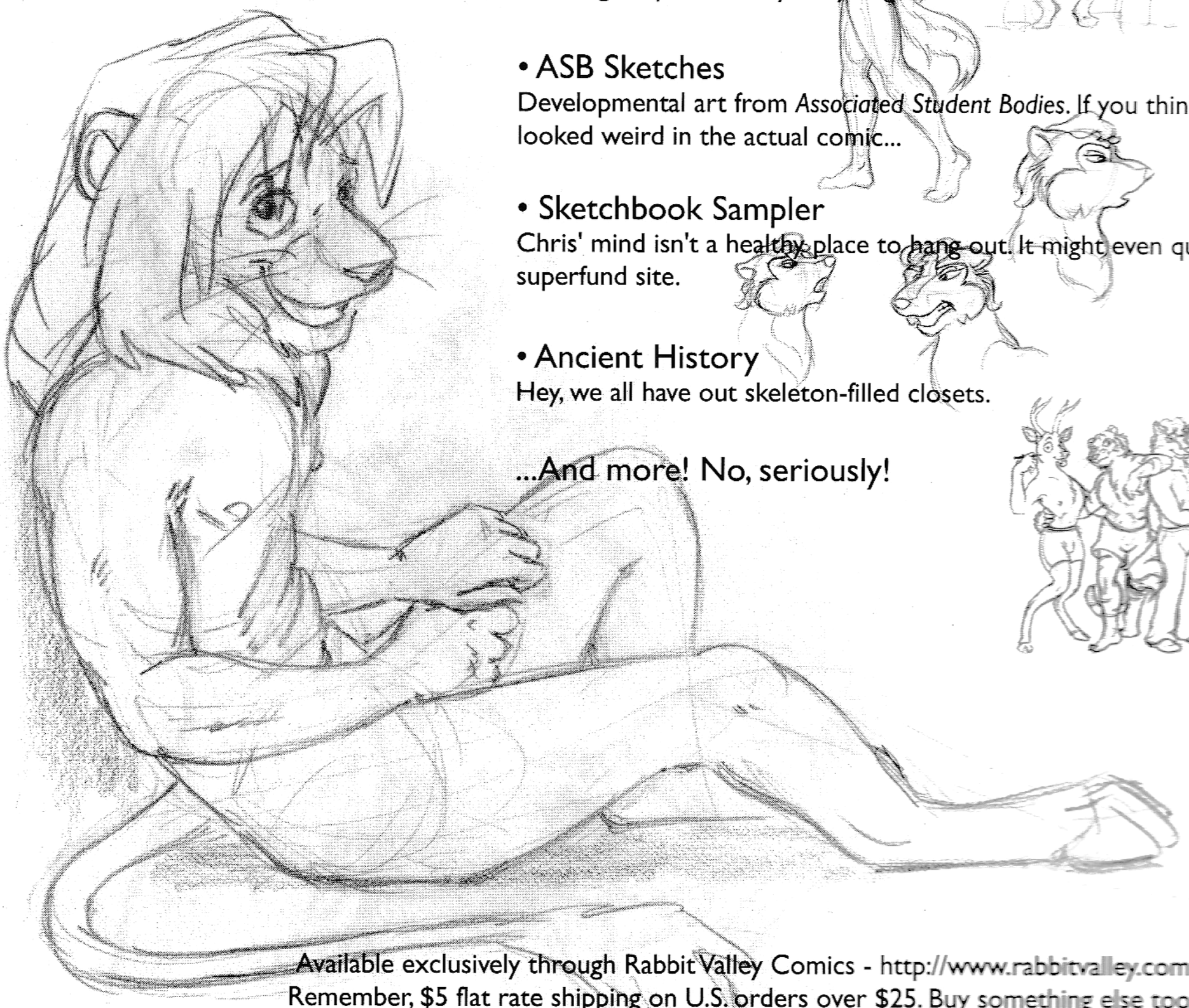
Chris' mind isn't a healthy place to hang out. It might even qualify as an EPA superfund site.

- Ancient History

Hey, we all have out skeleton-filled closets.



...And more! No, seriously!



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